CARRISTON'S GIFT.

The Story of an Occult and Mys terious Power.

et, and How It Was Upod to over the Lost-Kril Machi-

tions Thwarted. By High Consequ, Author of "Dark Lings," "Called Back," etc.

PART L-CONTINUED.

I leaned across the table, and, with my face about a foot from his, looked straight into his eyes. They betrayed no sign of recognition—no knowledge of my presence. I am ashamed to say I could not divest myself of the impression that they were looking through me. The pupils were greatly dilated. The lids were wide apart. I lighted a taper and held it before them, but could see no expansion of the iria. It was a case, I confess, entirely beyond my compre-I confess, entirely beyond my compre-hension. I had no experience which might serve as a guide as to what was the best course to adopt. All I could do was to stand and watch carefully

do was to stand and watch carefully ior any change.

Save for his regular breathing and a sort of convulsive twitching of his fingers. Carriston might have been a corpse or a statue. His face could scarcely grow paler than it had been before the attack. Altogether, it was an uncomfortable sight—a creepy sight—this motionless man, utterly regardless of all that went on around him, and seeling, or giving one the idea that he saw, something far away. I sighed as I looked at the strange spectacle, and foresaw what the end must surely be. But although I longed for him to awake, I determined on this occasion to let the I determined on this occasion to let the trance, or fit, run its full course, that I might notice in what manner and how soon consciousness returned. I must have waited and watched some

I must have waited and watched some ten minutes which seemed to me interminable. At last I saw the lips quiver, the lids flicker once or twice, and eventually close wearily over the eyes. The unnatural tension of every muscle seemed to relax, and sighing deeply, and apparently quite exhausted. Carriston sank back into his chair with

Carriston sank back into his chair with beads of perspiration forming on his white brow. The fit was over. In a moment I was at his side and forcing a glass of wine down his throat. He looked up at no and spoke. His voice was fant, but his words were quite rollected.

voice was faint, but his words were quite collected.

"I have seen her again," he said. "She is well: but so unhappy. I saw her kneel down and pray. She stretched her beautiful arms out to me. And yet I know not where to look for her—my poor love! my poor love!"

I waited until I thought he had sufficiently recovered from his exhaustion to talk without in urious consequences. "Carriston." I said, "let me ask you one question: are these trances or visions voluntary, or not?"

He reflected for a few moments. "I can't quite tell you," he said; "or, rather, I would put it in this way. I do not think I can exercise my power at will; but I can feel when the fit is coming on me, and, I believe, can, if I choose, stop mykelf from yielding to it."

Very well. Now listen. Promise

"Very well. Now listen. Promise me you will fight against these seizures as much as you can. If you don't, you will be raving mad in a month." "I can't promise that," said Carriston, quietly. "See her at times I must, or I shall die. But I promise to yield as seldom as may be. I know, as well as you do, that the very exhaustion I now feel must be injurious to any one." In truth, he looked utterly worn out. Very much dissatisfied with his concess-

very much dissatisfied with his concession, the best I could get from him, I sent him to bed, knowing that natural rest, if he could get it, would do more than anything else toward restoring a healthy tone to his mind.

VIII. Although Carriston stated that he atthough Carriston stated that he came to me for a'd, and, it may be, protection, he manifested the greatest reluctance in following any advice I offered him. The obstinacy of his refusal to obtain the assistance of the police placed me in a predicament. That Madeline Rowan had really d'sappeared

Br. reported that Raiph Carriston was sensited that a house in the control of the

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The New Scroll of Martyrs" Form

Heroes Who Choose a Sphere Far igher, Far Nobler Than These Which Hely On the Shedding of Human Blood for Fame and Glory.

In the course of his recent Western trip Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage visited Detroit, Mich., and delivered a sermon on the above subject at the Jefferson Avenus Presbyte-rian Church, taking for his text:

Thou therefore endure hardness-[II Time

May be the start of the start o

the last decent dress. Some day, desiring to evoke the story of her sorrows, you say:
"Well, how are you getting along now!"
And, rallying her trembling voice and quieting her quivering lip, she says:
"Pretty well, I thank you, pretty well."
She never will tell yoe. In the delirium of her last sickness she may tell all the secrets of her lifetime, but she will not do that. Not until the books of eternity are opened on the throne of judgment will over be known what she has suffayed.

Oh ye who are twisting a garland for the victor, put it on that pale trow! When she is deed the neighbors will beg lines to make her a shroud, and she will be carried out in a plain box, with no silver plate to tell her years, for she has lived a thousand years of trials and anguish. The gamblers, the swindlers who destroyed her husband, will not come to the funeral.
One carriags will be enough for that funeral, one carriags to carry the orphans and the two Christian women who presided over the obsequies; but there is a final, and the opening of a celestial door, and a shout: "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let her come in;" and Christ will step forth and say, "Come in; ye suffered with me on earth, be glorified with me in Heaven." What is the highest throne in Heaven? What is the highest throne in Heaven? The throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb. No doubt about it. What is the next highest throne in Heaven? While I speak it seems to me that it will be throne of the drunkard's wife, if she with cheerful patience endure all her earthly torture. Heroes and heroines!

I find also in this roll the heroes of Christian charity. We all admire the George Peabodys and the James Lenoxes of the earth, who gave tens and hundreds and thousands of dollars to good objects. But I am speaking this morning of those who out of their pinched poverty help otherses of these prople. One of them writing to the Secretary, in New York, says: "I thank you for that \$50. Until yesterday we have had no ment in our house for three months. W

before the mixing or of the part of the man is not a complete to believe the mixing of the part of the

her face and said: "Now, my good w

her face and said: "New, my good woman, how do yes fast new about your bonnie man!" "Oh," she said, "I always thought well of him; he has been very good to me. I had no reason for thinking anything but will of him, and I think better of him now."

O, what a grand thing it will be in the last day to see God pick out his heroes and heroines! Who are those paupers of eternity trudging off from the gates of Heaven? Who are they? The Lord Claverhouses and the Herods, and thouse who had scepters and crowns and thrones; but they lived for their own aggrandisment, and they have broke the heart of nations. Heroes of earth, but paupers of eternity! I beat the drums of their oternal despair. Wee! Woe Wee!

But there is great excitement in Heaven. Why those long processions? Why the booming of that great bell in the tower? It is coronation day in Heaven. Who are those rising on the thrones with crowns of eternal royalty. They must have been great people on earth, world-remowned people. No, they taught in a ragged school? Taught in a ragged school. Taught in a ragged school. Thought in a ragged school were little children who waited on invalid mothers. That all? That's all. She was called "Little Mary" on earth; the is an Empress now. Who are thest great multitude on the highest thrones of Heaven? Who are they? Why, they foul the heart-broken. They nover found any rest until they put their head down on the sepulcher. God watched them. God laughed defiance at the enemies who put their head down on he sond: "I am their God, and no weapon formed against them shall prosper." What harm can the world do you whan the Lord almight, with.

the apparition accosted a man who was passing through the yard of Pat's earthly home recently and asked him for a drink of water. This is discredited, as the deceased was not fond of water while here below. The spiritual peregrinations are confined to the door-yards or vicinity of his late home, where the visits are frequent. Some pretend to disbelieve the story, but only those who have not seem the ghost. The locality is close on the border of Charles River, not far from Auburndals—a place mystic, romantic, beautiful and famed as the country-seat of ghosts of all descriptions.

How the Name Came to Be Applied to Southern Illinois. [8. L. Dwight, in Springfield Republican.] [8. L. Dwight, in Springfield Espublican.]

I was born and raised in Jefferson County, Illinois, and grew to manhood in the family of my grandfather, Governor Z. Casey, one of the early prominent men of Southern Illinois. He came to Jefferson County (which is a part of Southern Illinois) in 1816, while Illinois was yet a Territory. Governor Casey was at one time Lieutemant-Governor of the State, for a number of years a prominent member of Congress from Illinois, and held other important positions. He was fully identified with the State and people up to the time of his death, which occurred in 1822. I mention these facts to show you that I know whereof I speak. Governor Casey often explained to me in my childhood why Southern Illinois was called "Egypt," and it was this: About the year 1835 (I am not certain as to the exact year), there Southern Illinois was called "Egypt," and it was this: About the year 1835 (I am not certain as to the exact year), there was throughout Northern and Central Illinois a great scarcity of corn, while all through Southern Illinois there was a very great abundance; as a consequence, the following fall and winter great numbers came down into "Egypt" (as in ancient times the people went down into ancient Egypt for a like purpose) to buy and carry back corn to supply the wants of the people in that part of the State where the corn crop for that year had been a total failure. The chief product of the State where the corn crop for that year had been a total failure. The chief product of the State at that time was corn; but little cles was caltivated. It was the staple article of food, both for man and beast. Andrithus Southern Illinois came to be called "Egypt." The "thick darkness" and the extreme ignorance never did exist here.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

—Rearly all the towns in the anthra-cite coal regions have opened night schools in accordance with law, which are well patronheed by the colliers.— Pittsburgh Chronicle.

—In the schools of Copenagen twenty four boys out of every one hundred suffe-from headache. They study too muci-eight hours a day—and do not roses

One-tenth of the "Studentenschaft" at the Zurich University is now female. Twenty-nine young ladies study medicine, fourteen philosophy, and two political economy. Of the forty-five female students, fifteen are Swiss and ten Russian.

—"You say that the women of Tim-buctoo have their noses bored and wear jewels in them?" "So travelers assert." "Then a Timbuctoo woman must be like the Puritan yacht." "How do you make that out?" "Because she has her scenter bored."—Boston Courier. -A rere avis:

—A fars arm:

Presks and cortoselies in plenty

The various dines shows gather,
But here's one I wen

That sever was seen,
And that is the youth of twenty

Who doesn't know more than his father.

But Couries

And that is the youth of twenty
Who doesn't know more than his father
Boston Courier.

—Drunkenness is now said to be a
contagious disease. This is no new discovery, however. It has long been
known that a man returning home perfectly sober after doing the town with
some boon companions is pretty sure to
catch it from his wife when he gets into
the house.—Somersville Journal.

—A burgiar who attempted to enter
a house in Bacramento was caught fast
in the window; and the woman armed
herself with a potato-masher, drew up
a chair, and sat there and tapped his
head for half an hour before calling the
police. She said she had alwaya just
ached to pound a man all she wanted
to.—Som Francisco Chronicle.

—Blueberry Pie: Diner (at cheap
restaurant)—"What do you call this.
waiter?" Waiter—"Dat, sah? Dat's
blueberry pie, sah!" Diner—"It looks
more to me like a slice of fly-paper
stack up with fies." Waiter—I declare, sah, to tell the truf, we've got a
new cook, and I reckon he ain't cotched
on to de scientifich style o' mashin' dem
flies for blueberry pie. He ain't for a
fac."—N. Y. Independent.

Bon Yeyage.

"Yes, Bobby," said young Featherly,
"I am going West for a little trip."
"Are you going for your health?" inquired Robby, with solicitude.
"Well, not allogether for my health, although I shall derive some benefit, no doubt."

doubt."

"Sister Clara hopes you will."

"I say Bobby." whispered Featherly."

"did your sister say that she hoped my trip would do me good!"

"Yes. She told ma last night that if Mr. Featherly went West she hoped he would go for good."—M. Y. Sun.